1:Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

father is the proper guide, but (paternal ?) uncles may offer casual instruction. Nicely made bows are sometimes presented by a grandfather, and all seasons, particularly the autumn when the quail abound, see the boys practising marksmanship. While boys are still young they are taught by precept. They were first taken hunting when about ten years old, shown the deer tracks and "parks", how the game stands and walks, and how to crawl up to it and shoot. Boys of this age are cautioned not to smoke until they have killed their first coyote.[1] When a youth first kills a deer unassisted, he lets it lie, returning home to fetch his grandfather, or some other ancient. The old man flays and butchers it, and he, not the boy, eats the cooked liver.[2]

Little girls help their mothers at household duties when their brothers of equal age are roaming from home in sport. They accompany their mothers to the fields to gather corn, to the orchards to prepare peaches, etc., and assist by carrying little loads of produce and wood, fetching water, and tending the babies. Adolescent girls remain under their mothers' eye and do not go about the canyon freely.

Basket making is taught to girls of seven to nine years. An attendance at the government school interferes with the old process of training, it is difficult to observe today what progress may be: a girl of sixteen made an execrable basket; three years later her work was average. A left-handed girl has also been taught.[3]

Dance and gaming songs, which have no esoteric character, are picked up by quite young children. It is a common thing to hear them sing snatches, particularly if they think themselves unobserved. One boy of five had quite an extensive repertoire. Children of eight or nine take part in the dance and without much hesitation join in the singing.

Women dance and sing as well as men do, yet they do not have any periods of dance practise.

Although young children may listen to stories on a winter's evening, Mamakadja stated that no serious effort is made to engage their attention until they are ten or twelve years old. This informant and Sinyella were each told the tales by an uncle (probably an elder brother of the father) when boys. Men of fifty or sixty pretend not to know the tales sufficiently

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[1] The Pima have the same custom (Russell, 4th, 136). Pueblo boys are forbidden to smoke lest it make cowards of them, or as at Cochiti, lessen their ability to run (Stevenson, 14th; Parsons, (1), 9). Smoking is connected with superior status. I vaguely recall having read that killing a coyote is also a requisite, but cannot now find a reference to this.

[2] Among the Pueblans of Shumakolik Kohn a youth does not eat his kill (rabbits, etc.) until he has brought down his first large game (e.g., deer). He carries home the kidneys to his father, who cooks a thorny bush from it, which he throws over the boy. He may then eat the flesh (Hodge, 6th). A Shumakolik boy does not eat his kill until a year or more after he begins to hunt, else he would lose his luck (Mason, 4th, 486).

[3] Hodge, 6th, 402, notes that San Carlos girls are taught to hand weaving first, later coiling.

1: Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
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well to relate them: it may therefore be that they really do not know them until later in life. 538

Affectionate care is lavished on children, especially the recently bereft orphan for whom new playthings are made and choice tidbits saved. It is quite common to see parents fondle their children, stroking their hair, etc., but rarely kissing them. Inasmuch as chastisement is rarely inflicted, it is astonishing to mark their good behavior. They are docile, not forward, reserved before their elders, and, I judge, are never long the topic of their parents' conversation, at least while they are present. Children rarely cry, and this is not frequently for anger or to gain their desires. 855 [734]

Punishment is infrequent, but a child who persistently disobeys orders, is heedless, or filches food before others eat, is slapped or switched a few times on the thigh. A more drastic punishment consists in building a smudge of the child's faeces, together with those of dog and horse, in which he is held head downward until he nearly loses consciousness. "This was frequently done to old Captain B, when he was a boy; now you see he is all right." Sometimes a teased child becomes angry. The man then takes him into a nearby sweatlodge, threatening, in a teasing way, to keep him there till sundown, though the heat kill him. When the child is almost overcome, he promises to behave, and is released. 865

If a child is often beaten without just provocation, he may feel that he is not wanted, then, just like an adult, his soul or heart[1] forsakes him and he pines and dies. The soul of a little child is easily frightened; one who is always timorous, though no danger is near, will not live long. Sinyella has never seen such, but he has heard this told. 855 858

Little children are told by their elders[2] that the echo is the call of a man hiding in the rocks or in a cave. They are sent to search for him. "Try it again; he will appear there; you will see him soon." 855

Early in the morning a dark yellow rock-bird (*tatlŏ́ŋ*) will chatter in the bushes close to the camp. Then the old people will say to a little boy: "The rock-bird laughs and calls at you, 'You have no arrow to kill me; you look like a girl.'"

Puberty Customs

These, which concern girls alone, are even more moderately developed than among neighboring tribes. 881

At the first menstruation, stones are heated in a pit near the camp, covered with dirt, and carpeted with leaves and brush. The blanket-

[1] These English words were used interchangeably in this connection.
[2] Who do not mislead themselves.

2:Iliff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1964 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Talking Stones

An evening with an old storyteller sitting by his outdoor fire, pipe in hand, means a tale worth remembering. In this setting, the old men passed on to the children the legends of the tribe's wanderings. Of course each narrator spiced his tale with a little of himself, his imagination, his whimsy or his logic. But the theme never varied: always the gods led the Havasupai. When memory grew dim, these storytellers need only tread again an ancient trail, peer into a long-abandoned cave, or read the messages on boulders and stone walls to recapture the story's flavor and sequence of events. Of these legends, one, at least, certainly had the ring of truth.

Evidence other than Indian lore indicates that, generations back, the Havasupai lived in the region of the Little Colorado River. They may have settled there after the god Tochopa, on account of the crowded conditions in Mattawedita Canyon, dispersed the tribes. However, this new location again placed the tribe within raiding distance of the savage Whajes (Apache), who relentlessly drove them from their cliff dwellings and gardens to wander in an unfriendly wilderness. The tribe crossed the desert to the San Francisco Mountains, but even here they could not live in peace, so again took the westward trail, seeking the home to which their gods would lead them. A canyon cut across their path. They worked their way down its rugged walls to the floor—an oasis of greenery cut by a rollicking stream of blue water.

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773
173
[p. 167]

Social Behavior and Relationships

Admonition and Instruction

In former times, all four grandparents of a young girl lectured her on proper behavior. They instructed her to behave politely and sensibly rather than foolishly in the presence of a man. She was told to perform her tasks willingly and quickly. It is said that a girl's own parents were considered too young to advise her properly, but she was expected to obey them. 603 861 867

A girl should conduct herself modestly whenever visitors came to her parents' camp, remaining discreetly in the background unless she knew the visitors well. When they saw how circumspectly she behaved, they would know she was a good girl. After she married, or if she were in charge of her father's camp, she should cook and serve food to visitors, even if there were only meager supplies on hand. A girl should show respect to her elders; in her own family group, as with strangers, she must always be polite. She should obey her father, her uncles, and her grandfathers. She might behave with less restraint in their company when other men were not present. 867

A girl should help her mother with the camp work, watching closely how each thing was done and listening to her mother's instructions. A girl must take good care of her younger brothers and sisters so she would know what to do for her own babies. She must go frequently with her mother to gather wild seeds, pinyon nuts, juniper berries, mescal, soapweed, and other useful plants so she would learn to recognize each growing thing, and would understand how to gather and prepare it for use. A girl should also go with her parents to help in the fields and to learn how corn, beans, and squash were planted and harvested.

If her father were dead or away on a hunting trip, a girl should obey her grandfather, her uncles, or her older brothers, for they were head of the family in the father's place and would know what to do if trouble came or if there were family work to do. A girl was expected to arise before dawn, and she should keep busy all day. No man wanted a lazy wife, and he might leave her if she kept a poor camp or neglected her children.

Grandparental and Other Relations

In addition to these instructions, a girl's grandfathers told her stories as soon as she could understand. The grandmothers also knew the stories, but they did not tell them if there was a man present who could do so. These stories, which concerned the origin of various customs and beliefs, usually cited examples of moral values or proper behavior patterns. All children, both girls and boys, loved to gather around a grandfather whenever he chose to favor them with stories. 603 538 867

similar to the rain dance that Kroeber (1935, 202-3) reported for the Walapai

At least occasionally a rain dance was held near two rock pinnacles in a canyon upstream from the main village along the Topocoba trail. These dances did not involve masked impersonators and were held only in dry years in an attempt to bring moisture to the plateau. The rocks, ʔɔ̈ʔwiʔgaʰʔ ʧwä (rock split apart) and ʔɔ̈ʔihʔgaˈčʔ ʧwävʔ (wood piled up), were near a small spring, and were considered rain "gods." No additional data concerning these events could be learned.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS

[The following 26 stories were collected from 10 informants by Mrs. Smithson in the summer of 1958. As in the preceding section of this study, the junior author's comments are placed in brackets and parenthetical remarks of the senior author are so indicated.

Although we do not have any other recordings of Havasupai myths and legends with which to make direct comparison, Kroeber's (1935, 245 ff.) 1929 field party collected several from Walapai informants. Since I believe that the Walapai and Havasupai were one and the same ethnic group prior to 1880, when they were separated by government fiat (Dobyns and Euler, 1960), Kroeber's will serve excellently. Kroeber (1935, 245) likened Walapai mythology to that of the lowland Yumans especially the associations of Mountain Lion, Wolf, and Coyote, although he felt that the "cooperation-antithesis" of the two latter animals was Plateau-Shoshonean. Since Walapai Ethnograph is now out of print, it will be of value to quote Kroeber's (1935, 245) conclusions in their entirety:

> "The Walapai are certainly not skillful story-tellers, even after allowance for imperfections and our rendering. Their motivations are crude and trivial; they do not consistently build up a character--except the essentially inconsistent Coyote; they do not always hold consistently to the hero even within one tale; and they do not seem to feel, or at any rate are unable to express, well marked sympathy or identification with their personages, or to attach much emotion to them or their fate. They do like incident, irrespective of its inner connection with the plot; magic and trickery; and obscenity, sexual or otherwise."

The veracity of those statements is apparent in the Havasupai tales that follow.

*539 [114] Twelve of the legends in Walapai Ethnography are identical to those Smithson collected, varying only in minor detail and in certain geographical aspects that seem to be localized.

538 [125] The Havasupai told these stories only during long winter evenings. If they were related during other seasons of the year it was believed that black widow spiders or snakes would bite the teller. Stories had no particular sequence. The story teller or someone in the audience would suggest favorites. Or, the teller would ask for suggestions from the listeners. Some legends were specifically designed for children, but none were withheld from them. Stories must be completed the same evening they are begun. [126] If not, the teller or his listeners might become crippled in some way. Narrators of the tales usually were given presents of meat.]

1. Origins

*539 [This story contains certain elements of the usual Pai origin myths, but it also reveals data seemingly localized among the Havasupai bands. Compare Dobyns and Euler, 1961.]

People [once] lived under the earth somewhere, nobody knows where, they lived underground where it was dark with no sun; they lived near a pool of water; there were just a few families living there.

One day two brothers, leaders, told their people what to do all the time. One of the men planted grape seed by the pool. The grapevine grew fast. It coiled around like a spider web, then shot out straight. Then people climbed up to the coil and stayed all night. Then they climbed to the next coil, stayed all night, and then up again. We don't know how many times they stayed all night; then they came on top of the ground.

Back at camp was a young lady who had stayed with all the men a few nights but none of the men wanted to marry her. She was jealous of other women. One day she was sitting beside the pool looking in the water when some women came with jars for water. One of the women said, "Why do you run off like this? We want you to come home." The woman grabbed her and started looking in her hair for lice. She saw many scars and asked what they were.

The young girl was mad and went down from the top and thought the men didn't like her. She wondered what she could turn into that men would like, so she turned into a tobacco plant growing beside the pool. The men gathered it and took it to the camp. They put it in the middle of their circle and started smoking it. Then the tobacco changed to a

*539 The teller can lengthen the story by repeating the day by day journey
● 539 of the villagers. The same thing happened each day for a year. The teller doesn't repeat for four days. It is up to his whim, depending upon whether he wants to make it long or short. He usually tells it two or three times with full repetition, then says it happened like this for one year. On the husband's journey to overtake the villagers, the first day is told in detail, as is done again on the day he caught up. If the teller gets tired he can omit some details all through any story.)

10. Bear's Wife

*539 Bear and his wife had a number of children, half grown, mostly girls. They lived at one camp. Each day Bear went out hunting; he never failed to go out. He started in the mornings and returned in the evening with a bunch of bones wrapped in shoots from Mormon tea plant. He brought them for his wife and kids to eat. The only other food they had was grass food gathered by the wife and the big girls.

Bear kept bringing this. His wife would pound it up on a grinding rock. Before it got too fine, bones would fly up and scatter around the ground rock. The larger girls would sit around and fight over the bones that flew up. They wished for meat, and ate every scrap, even if it fell on the ground.

Bear went to the country where there were many badger holes. He worked all day to dig out a badger, one or two of the biggest game he found. He built a fire, roasted it, ate the meat, and every day brought home only the bones.

The wife and kids were starving for meat. Finally one day the wife thought to herself whether it would be wise for her to go to her nearest neighbor, Lion, who was a good hunter. It was quite far. She wanted to marry him, not visit. She was starving. So after a few days she went to Lion's house. He had piles of fresh meat, fat, dried meat; much of it. She went in and wanted to see if he wanted to marry her. He saw her and said he wished to have a wife as he had much meat to cook and prepare for storage. He had to hunt and it kept him too busy trying to hunt and cook too. The lady was feeling just right the way the lion treated her.

Next day the bear hollered outside to see if his wife was there. He wanted her to come down and come home. The lady was in a high building, four stories, and was on the top floor cooking meat. She told him the doors were closed.

flared up. They saw his face, very ugly and hairy. They could see his teeth but not his eyes. He couldn't see very well and tried to look around for a place to hide from the flames. But they, the wives and children, saw what an odd person he was. The children said, "This is not a man we have for a father. He looks odd." They jumped up and ran off toward the east crying out, "We don't want him. He is not our father. It is a ghost or something to scare us." 539*

The bat ran after his wives and children hoping to catch them and bring them back. They ran on to edge of the world where the sky and the edge of the world met. The bat had to stop when he came to the edge of the sky. He prayed for them to keep on going until they turned into stars. They ran up along the inverted dome of the sky. The bat blew out [exhaled] and said, "I want you to turn into stars." They became stars close together. Now this is called the Little Dipper.

(There is no song in this. When adults want children to sleep, they make the story long by saying it over and over. They make it long by repeating parts such as saying "Next morning he goes out and comes back. Next morning he goes out and comes back," etc. This story should not be told in summer, only in winter.) [538]

19. Coyote and His Family

(A children's story.)

They lived in the desert where cactus and soapweed grew. There were many rats in the desert. Coyote had one son and the rest were daughters. The boy was small. Coyote was getting old so part of his upper and lower teeth had fallen out. He had only a few left. He wondered how he could replace his teeth. His daughters were grown and ready to marry. They were good-looking. Coyote tried to think how he could marry one or both of his own daughters.

They went hunting with the boy in the desert all day for rats, and returned in the evening.

Coyote took shiny jasper rocks and thought he would make himself some teeth. They came back from hunting. One evening Coyote pretended he had a bad headache. He had two wives. The next day he said it was worse and said he didn't think he would live. He pretended to get worse. He told his wives and daughters that the daughters were big enough to marry, and told them if some man came around at night after he was dead not to whip him or chase him away but let him come to them.